

## A DISARMED PEOPLE.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS A LESSON IN THE SUBJUGATED ISRAELITE.

The Church of Today Has Allowed the Infidels to Assume Too Much in Science and Literature—We Need More Men Like Agassiz, Huxley and Hittcock.

MADISON, Wis., July 23.—The great throng of many thousands from all parts of the north and west are gathered at the Monona Lake assembly, a Chautauque held near this city. Rev. Dr. Talmage this forenoon preached to the great multitude on "Sharpened Axes," the text being: "I Samuel xiii, 19-21." "Now, there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel," etc.

My loving and glad salutation to this uncounted host, Chautauquians, Christian Endeavorers, gospel workers and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My text is gloriously appropriate. What a gallant subjugation the Israelites were suffering! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths and torn down all the blacksmiths' shops and abolished the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel.

These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always admired them and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grinders from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelite farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the good, and the pickaxe save a simple file, industry was hindered and work practically disgraced.

The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grinders on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, how to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. The two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

A CHURCH WITHOUT WEAPONS. I learn first from this subject how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as, for instance, when they took the spoils of the Amorites, but these Israelites seemed content to have no weapons, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grinders, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. Let the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plows, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men; why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Christ today. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after awhile, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with, and without any sharpening instruments.

I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the classrooms to stand beside the Leyden jars, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes or telescopes be children of God, not Philistines. The atheistic thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholarly Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform.

THE WEAPONS OF SCIENCE. We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan of the past men like the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists a God worshiping Sullivan and Hittcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus and swing around the telescopes on the swivel until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock of Ages," and amid the flora of the realms find the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with 800 wonderful contrivances and lids closing 30,000 or 40,000 times a day, all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful instruments, membranes

and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerves, closing with the question, "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bringing to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the field shall be in league with the truth, and the stars in their courses shall fight against Balaam." Oh, church of God, go out and recapture these weapons. Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let all the printing press of this country speak out for Christ, and the reporters, and the typewriters, and the editors and publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Alh, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands, and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

MORE CHRISTIAN ENERGY NEEDED. Again, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land—this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it could in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God.

There is enough undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains of sloth. Now, is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnace, and be turned into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills.

Oh, is it not time for the church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talents and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forward." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you now as the general said when his troops were affrighted. Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted his voice until 20,000 troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the whole line!"

THE LOGICIANS OF THE CHURCH. Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goods, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states in the context that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grinders. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grinders? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake.

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their tactics are, and then transfer into the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it. In other words, let us employ the world's grinders. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grinders, and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries.

That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get from Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfare quoted their poetry and grasped their logic and wielded their eloquence and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, until for the second time the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house in Northampton, Mass., but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usefulness. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no coiler that cannot rip up the globe. We want no ax that cannot fell the trees. We want no good that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grinders we can find, though they be in the possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank, while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yea, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords, then they took the blacksmiths, and then they took the grinders, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works. It grabs everything. It begins with robbery, and it ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally is in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid and genial and loving, it makes him sullen and crab, and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and snarling and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard." His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man, "Now, surrender to me, and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits in baskets of golden filigree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filigree is made up of twisted snakes. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day.

The Scripture was his jestbook, whence he drew Bonnets to gall the Christian and the Jew; An infidel when well, but what when sick? Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick.

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in the theater as an idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round about him so dismal that the nurse declares that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistine iniquity had promised him all the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file.

So it was with Lord Byron, his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, and fretting at his nurse, Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God, and he who gave to the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file!

THE WAGES OF SIN. Oh, sin has great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them. A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked retrenching is remorse, ruin and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican empire Montezuma said he felt gnawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster with vast of the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally it rips and raps and galls and tears and upbraids and files. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye, aye, it is so; it is so. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were 12 vultures flying through the air, but when a transgressor dies the sky is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! When I see sin robbing so many people, and I see sin going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on Incheague rock, thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks, but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares, "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal. These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God today. It is surrendering its courage. It has not got enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in pew, or in pulpit, or in a religious society, and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism.

The church of God today wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of newspaper, and he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right all the newspapers of the earth, with all their columns pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage! It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate his truth, and he is going to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.

I sometimes say to my wife: "There is something wrong; the newspapers have not assailed me for three months! I have not done my duty against public iniquities, and I will stir them up next Sunday." Then I stir them up, and all the following week the devil howls and howls, showing that I have him very hard. Go forth in the service of Christ and do your whole duty. You have seen where I have seen where.

Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor bearer he hewed down the Philistines, and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments, on his knees, can storm anything for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said, "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask. What does God want me to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the anvil? Where is the prayer meeting? Where is the pulpit? And finding out what God wants us to do go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be dead soon.

Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Oh, is it not high time that we wake out of sleep? Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side!

I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when he does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among his friends and such a wailing among his enemies as will make the earth tremble and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavaliers tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already furnished his trumpet, and then he will put his golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones and the dashing down of demolished iniquities.

THE KISSED THE NEGRO.

In "Old Vienna," one of the most attractive features of Midway plannance, a strange incident was noticed. A native of Abyssinia had entered the restaurant and was seated at one of the tables. He was tall and well formed. His hair fell in ringlets upon his shoulders. He was young and handsome, but black as asphalt. Presently a pretty little Viennese waiting maid tripped up to where he sat, reached down and gave him a rousing kiss. There was great laughter all around, and the handsome dandy also laughed, for he enjoyed the joke fully. It seems that the waiting maid had been changed by a party of American visitors to kiss the swarthy stranger. She accepted the challenge and won it thereby.

No woman who had lived any length of time in this country would have done that thing. The Viennese girl seemed to have no suspicion of any indecency in the act, and the fact that the victim to her pleasantry was a negro gave the adventure, in her opinion, all the more spice. No one who goes to Europe from this country can fail to be startled by the seemingly special favor in which the negro is held abroad. We do not wonder that the negro likes life in England, Germany and France. We are not surprised to read in the dispatches that negro jockeys are offering their services free, provided English turfmen will pay their transportation to England, and board them while there. In Europe the negro is petted. He enjoys privileges hardly accorded to Caucasian visitors. And womanhood there simply dotes upon him.—Chicago Record.

## SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

## A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuritis, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nervous system is like a telegraphic system as will be seen by the accompanying cut.

The little white lines at his head represent the nerves which carry the nerve force from the nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric current is carried along the telegraph wires to every station. Large or small, ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact, instead of treating the nervous system, they treat the part affected.

Franklin Miles, M. D., L. L. B., the highly celebrated specialist in nervous diseases, and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, long since realized the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nervine is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is a wonderful fact, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the Restorative Nervine amply prove.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is a reliable remedy for all nervous diseases, such as headache, nervous debility, prostration, sleeplessness, dizziness, hysteria, neuralgia, etc. It is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price. It is sold in all bottles for \$1.00, express prepaid.

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